A Great Musician

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Mr. Patrick Black, Dumbarton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Nun Danket,' *Bach*; Capriccio, *Fumagalli*; Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*.

Mr. R. E. Redman, St. John's, Clapham Rise—First Suite, *Borowski*; Prelude on 'St. Anne's,' *Parry*; Allegro Maestoso, *John E. West*; Concert Overture in C minor, *Redman*.

Mr. H. C. Warrilow, National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, W.—Overture in D minor, *Smart*; Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Franck*; Finale in E flat, *Guilmant*.

Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Con moto maestoso, *B. Hollins*; Choral with Variations (Sonata No. 6), *Mendelssohn*; 'The Angel's Farewell'; March on a Theme of Handel, *Guilmant*.

Mr. C. Thornton Turner, Punshon Wesleyan Church, Bournemouth—Solemn March, *Smart*; Toccata in C, *Bach*; Irish Rhapsody, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. C. F. Waters, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*; Choral Melody, *Waters*; Finale (Sonata No. 5), *Guilmant*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Old 113th,' *Charles Wood*; Fugue on B A C H, *Schumann*; Choral in G, *Vierne*; 'Evocation à la Chapelle Sixtine,' *Liszt*; Agitato (Sonata No. 11), *Rheinberger*.

Mr. W. J. Comley, Hertford Parish Church—Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*; Prelude on 'St. Mary,' *Charles Wood*; Fantasia on 'Darwall's 148th,' *Darke*.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Finale from Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*; Minuetto from Oboe Concerto, *Handel*; Overture in C, *Mendelssohn*; Barcarolle, *Sterndale Bennett*.

Mr. Arthur Meale, Wesleyan Central Hall—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Sonata No. 2, *Rheinberger*; Fantasia in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*; 'St. Francis preaching to the birds,' *Liszt*; 'Finlandia.'

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. George W. Gaythorpe, organist and choirmaster, Brunswick Wesleyan Church, Pendleton.

Mr. Gilbert P. Matthews, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary's Parish Church, Stafford.

Letters to the Editor

THE ORGANS IN GENOA CATHEDRAL

SIR,—Now that Genoa is so much in the public eye, your readers may be interested in the organs in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo. Here are some notes I made when on a visit a few years ago. The Cathedral itself is a building with a nave in the Byzantine style, the chancel being Renaissance. The three organs are placed in the transepts and behind the high altar. That in the south transept is very old, and is now disused. It was in use when Paganini played his violin in the choir. (The choir is behind the altar, and out of sight from the nave.) A second (accompanimental) organ is in the choir. It has no pedal organ, and, so far as I could judge, about four stops. A handsomely carved oak casing with heavy doors (also carved) encloses the whole instrument. The tone sounded very pleasant from the nave—especially the celeste. There was no Swell to this organ.

The Great organ (*Organo Primo*, the verger called it) is on a marble gallery in the north transept, and faces the old one which stands on a similar gallery. It is in a fine oak case, and has two very handsomely painted doors to cover the front pipes when not in use. The doors are painted on both sides. The organ was erected about 1890 by Lungini, an organ-builder of Brescia. The carving on the case seems very much older, so probably it was rebuilt in the old case. As the organist was away when I viewed and played upon it, a good deal of information had to be missed, the verger's supply soon giving out. The front pipes, seen when the folding-doors are open, are 16-ft. cut to their speaking length, and apparently of pure tin.

The stops are arranged on either side of the manuals, and are mahogany bars projecting about three inches from the jambs. They pull inwards against a spring, and hook down. The names are printed on paper labels above the slots.

The composition pedals move the stops, but not to their full amount, and these also hook down. The Swell pedal is balanced and in the centre. The blowing is by hand, the blower working a wheel.

The pipes appeared to have plenty of room, and the organ sounded very well indeed, though the Mixture work is perhaps a trifle on the aggressive side. On the whole it was a very enjoyable instrument both to play and to hear.

The pedal board is radiating and concave, compass CCC to F. Manual compass CC to C3. The reeds were somewhat out of tune, but I was told that the tuner was just about due, and that he paid visits regularly.

The flutes and the Dulciana are very charming stops.

The specification is as follows (August, 1910):

GREAT (right-hand side, 2 rows of levers).

	FT.		FT.
Principale	16	Violoncello	4
Principale, No. 1	8	Furniture	2
Principale, No. 2	8	Timpani (a 3-rank Mixture) ...	8
Bourdon	8	Cymbale ²	7 ranks
Flute	8	Tromba	8
Ottava	4		

Two composition pedals.

* I regret I did not note composition.

SWELL (left-hand side, 2 rows of levers).

	FT.		FT.
Principale	8	Dulcet	4
Dulciana	8	Cornet	3 ranks
Fluto Traverso	8	Corno Englèse	8
Ottava	4	Bassoon	4

Two composition pedals.

PEDAL (2 rows under Swell).

	FT.		FT.
Sub Basse	16	Bombarde	16
Bourdon	8	Tromba	8

Vox Humana, 8-ft., is with the Pedal group of stops, but I did not use it. Presumably it is in the Swell box.

There are three Couplers, by hitching pedal—Sw. to Gt., Gt. to Ped., Sw. to Ped. The shape of these pedals differs from that of the composition pedals. The manual action is tracker.—Yours, &c.,

F. B. GOODMAN.

A GREAT MUSICIAN

SIR,—The *Musical Times* is constant in its effort to praise famous men (and women) month by month. May I have a little space for the praise of a musician who is not famous, though his name has been carried all over the world? That sounds like a conundrum. The explanation, however, is simple. Every string player knows the signature, 'John R. Toms, Wellington, Somerset,' on the packets of carefully tested strings which they use, and orders for those strings come from every part of the world to the little Somersetshire town from many of the greatest fiddlers of the day. But it is not of Toms's strings that I write, though much might be written of them and of James Kelway Toms, the son of my old friend and teacher, who has made the perfect testing of strings the devotion of his life.

Mr. John R. Toms is himself unknown to the majority of musicians, and that, I am inclined to say, is their loss and his gain. Through a life of some eighty-five years (I do not know his exact age) he has escaped notoriety, at any rate until this month, when he and Mrs. Toms celebrated their 'diamond' wedding, and were immensely surprised and delighted by the numbers of congratulations which poured in on them, headed by a telegram from the King and Queen.

The event forms a suitable occasion for, but is not the substance of, what I would write of Mr. Toms, the musician. When people say that England has no musical life, I think of Mr. Toms. He has lived all his days in one little town near the borders of Somerset and Devon, where concerts of a professional kind are practically unknown, twenty miles from the nearest cathedral town, and for eighty years or so he has simply radiated music to all about him. He told me last year when I visited him that he was four years old when his father bought and gave him a toy an old organ, which had been removed from the Parish Church. As a child he amused himself by inventing pedals for his organ, attaching them by strings to the keys of its single manual. That organ has been his life-long companion; he improved it, added in course of time a second manual and real pedals, and it is now a beautiful little instrument of mellow, old-world tone, on which he daily plays the Chorale Preludes of Bach,

Handel's choruses, and a whole repertory of delightful things.

I was about four when I first heard Mr. Toms play, and stood spell-bound while he entertained my father's guests first on the pianoforte then on a wonderful harmonium which he had brought to the house with him. I distinctly remember being surprised that the ladies and gentlemen there assembled could go on chattering in their barbarous Victorian fashion while such sounds were in the air. It was the first music other than nursery rhymes which I had ever heard, and to be Mr. Toms's pupil soon became the ambition of my life. That came to pass a few years later, and I shall never forget my first pianoforte lesson with him. He taught me 'musical appreciation' decades before the phrase became the cant of the pundits. He made me love Handel and Mozart, described the instruments of the orchestra, illustrating their tone by the various stops on his organ, showed me full scores, fired my ambition to hear a real symphony, and so on, using a hundred arts, not with any idea of systematising training, but because he loved it all so much that he had to share it. He told me of fine singing in Cathedrals which he had heard on his rare holidays, read me accounts of concerts at the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall (some of them were from an unknown paper called the *Musical Times*), and, most of all, his modesty about his own powers, which seemed to me marvellous, made me realise that music must be a very big thing indeed, since so great a master could regard himself as the least among her servants.

And what he did for me he has been doing for everyone who drew near with ears to hear all these years. I found him last year still bringing together his friends for little weekly musical gatherings. We played Mozart together, but while the great melodies of his youth remain the joy of his age, he was keen to hear everything I could tell him of modern music, and produced some pianoforte pieces by Debussy and John Ireland which he was practising.

I do not know whether there are many such musicians in the country parts of England. I have never met another Mr. Toms, but I hope that he is not so unique as he seems to me to be, for of such is the kingdom of Music.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. COLLES.

'M. EGON PETRI AND OP. 106'

SIR,—Surely your contributor 'C.' is quite wrong in describing, on page 261, *s.v.* 'Egon Petri and Op. 106,' 'M.' Egon Petri as 'the Hungarian pianist.' We all know that the *bouleversement* that occurred between August, 1914, and November, 1918, altered much; but did it alter a Dutchman into a Hungarian? For many years I have laboured under a grievous delusion if Egon Petri is not a son of my old friend Henri Petri, *olim* joint leader, with his compatriot Julius Röntgen, *père*, of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, and slightly later, leader of the then Royal Opera orchestra at Dresden.—Yours, &c.,

33, Oakley Street, ROBIN H. LEGGE.
Chelsea, S.W.3.

April 2, 1922.

A STRANGE OMISSION

SIR,—A contemporary journal recently published an article on works written for two pianofortes, and mentioned a number of compositions of this class by various composers, living and dead. The article went on to enumerate some of the very few works for two pianofortes written by British composers, but strangely omitted to name my own two works, *viz.*, an elaborate Suite in five movements, Op. 50 (consisting of a *Preludium*, *Andante Pastorale*, *Scherzo*, *Marche Triomphale*, and *Finale*), and a *Toccata Brillante*, Op. 144. Both these works are published by prominent Continental firms, and have been repeatedly performed in England, Germany, and America.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

22A, Carlton Vale,
Maida Vale, N.W. 6.
April 9, 1922.

'THE ENGLISH LITANY OF 1544-60'

SIR,—Mr. E. G. P. Wyatt's letter does not call for a detailed reply, and therefore I shall content myself with briefly answering his statements.

1. As I had Cranmer's letter before me I did not misunderstand his meaning.

2. The Processioner was practically synonymous with the Litany, as Duchesne and other authorities state. St. Augustine and his monks sang the Litany as Bede records (Plummer's edition).

3. The Litany was newly translated in 1544, and the melody was plainchant. My point is that Stone did not *compose* music for the Litany at that time, but that the compilers *adapted* the ancient plainchant.

4. As to the *Kyrie eleison* being popular in Gaul in the early part of the 5th century, it is sufficient to point out that St. Patrick (430) was acquainted with it. If Mr. Edmund Bishop says 'it was imported into Gaul in the early part of the 6th century,' it is a slip, for, in addition to the fact of its being known to St. Patrick, it was introduced at Vienne by Bishop Marvertus, *circa* 470, and was extended to all Gaul by the Council of Orleans in 511.

In conclusion, may I quote from Sir Henry Howorth's fine volume on *St. Augustine the Missionary* (1913)? 'The particular anthem quoted by Bede occurs in one of the Rogation Litanies in use long after at Vienne, and probably in other churches of France.'—Yours, &c.,

April 8, 1922.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

THE BALLAD IN AMERICA

SIR,—As I have only just returned to England after four months in the sun, and as I received no English papers during that time, will you permit me to say a word or two apropos your January 'Occasional Notes'?

I am pleased to see that my retort to the egregious Mr. Francis Rogers has met other eyes beyond those for which it was intended. Had I thought it would be quoted I would have corrected certain printer's atrocities which make it look as though the writer is as ignorant of the principles of the English language as the sub-editor of an American musical paper—an *editor* of one once suggested, in the course of a disagreement, that my name was evidence of *Teutonic origin*!

My version of the Latin tag was *hujus generis omnes*. The epithet applied to 'operatic singers' was *Simian-brained*, not *similar-brained*, which makes nonsense. I spoke, too, of 'Galli-Curcis, Tetrizzinis,' not of 'Galli-Curci's (!) Tetrizzini's.' I hasten to exonerate you from any share in these enormities; they are due entirely to the skill of *Musical America*.

In the same notes you make some observations on the matter of the ballad concert, the lack of which the American writers on music appear to think is a self-evident proof of their country's incalculable superiority to yours. Now, Sir, I am not a Briton, and have on plenty of occasions given satisfactory demonstration of the fact that neither am I a rampant Anglophile, but I must confess that impudent nonsense uttered by people who know nothing whatever of what they are talking incenses me as much when it is about yourselves as anything else—all of which is to lead up to the statement which I make calmly, in cold blood, and after careful examination of *Musical America* and *Musical Courier* over four or five years, namely, that in America the things that are here known as ballads have a share in practically every singer's recital programme I have seen. Here, by tacit consent, the ballad is relegated to the scullery of the musical edifice—the ballad concert—and generally kept there. The people who wish to associate with scullions know where to go to find them. Such, however, is the 'democracy' of your American 'cousins,' that they are not revolted by the spectacle of Carrie Jacobs Bond or Charles Wakefield Cadman jostling Bach, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, to say nothing of Borodin or Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, Gabriel Fauré, Duparc, and the Frenchmen in one and the same programme.—Yours, &c.,

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

175, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1.

April 17, 1922.